You that did voyd your rhume upon my beard,
And foot me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Over your threſhold: moneyes is your ſute;
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a Dog money? is it poſſible,
A Curre can lend three thouſand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſſe
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day another time,
You call'd me Dogge: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends: for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if hee breake, thou mayſt with better face
Exact the penalty. *Shy.* Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doyt
Of Vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me:
This is kind I offer. *Ant.* This were kindneſſe.

Shy. This kindneſſe will I ſhew:
Goe with mee to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle Bond, and in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſumme or ſummes as are
Expreſt in the Condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile ſeale to ſuch a Bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a Bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.

Ant. Why

Ant. Why feare not man
Within theſe two months, th
This Bond expires, I doe exp
Of thrice three times the val

Shy. O father *Abram*, w
Whoſe owne hard dealings te
The thoughts of others: Pra
If he ſhould breake his day, w
By the exaction of the forfeit
A pound of mans fleſh taken
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes,
To buy his favour, I extend t
If he will take it, ſo, if not,
And for my love I pray you w

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I wil

Shy. Then meet me forth
Give him direction for this m
And I will goe and purſe the
See to my houſe left in the fe
Of an unthriftie knave, and
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
The Hebrew will turne Chri

Baſſ. I like not faire term

Ant. Come on, in this th
My ſhips come home a mont

Enter Morochus, *a tawny A*
followers accordingly, wit

Moroc. Miſlike me not f
The ſhadowed Livery of the
To whom I am a neighbour,
Bring me the fayreſt Creatu
Where *Phabus* fire ſcarce tha
And let us make inciſion for
To prove whoſe blood is red
I tell thee Lady, this aſpect
Hath fear'd the valiant; (by

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